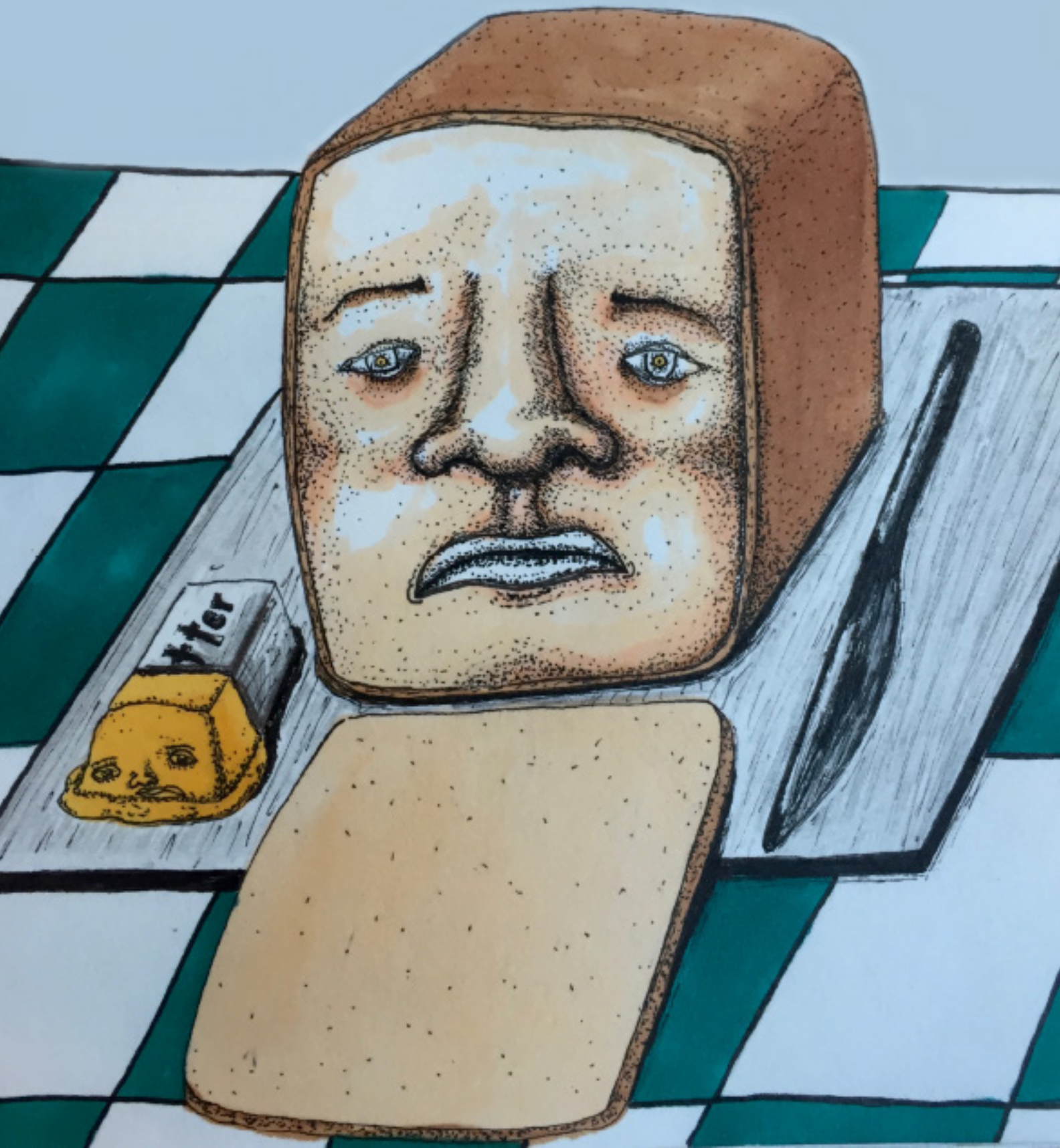
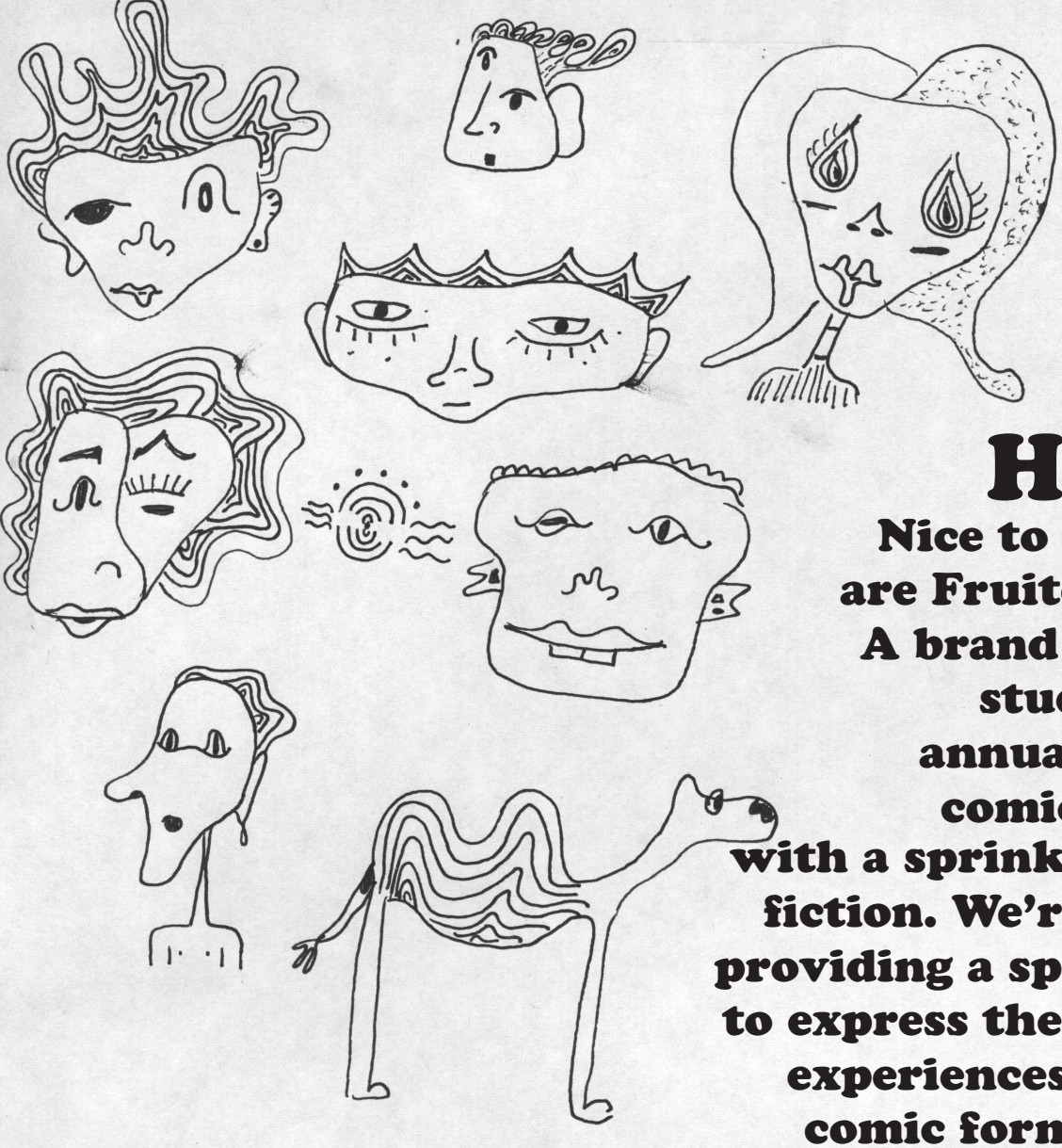
FRUITCAKE

Vol. 1





Hello!

Nice to meet you! We are Fruitcake Magazine. A brand spankin' new student-run, annually published, comic magazine with a sprinkle of humorous fiction. We're dedicated to providing a space for students to express their thoughts and experiences through the comic format. We hope this magazine keeps you company while you're waiting for the bus, or pooping. Also, if you feel so compelled, mail this magazine to a friend that lives in a different city, state, country, or planet, because that'd be great! Also, get together with your buds and work on comics and submit them to our next publication!

If you want to get involved, like our Facebook page (fruitcake at UCSC)
Or email us at fruitcakesc@gmail.com

Vol. 1 / Spring 2016

Contributors

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Emelia Austin
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Megan Knaus
Micheal Morales
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Brandon Owens
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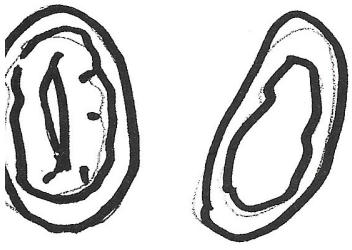
Armando Sueños
Snelly
Claire Stoner
Connor Whalen
Dante Yardas

$1.25

OILY STADIUM KOD Comic



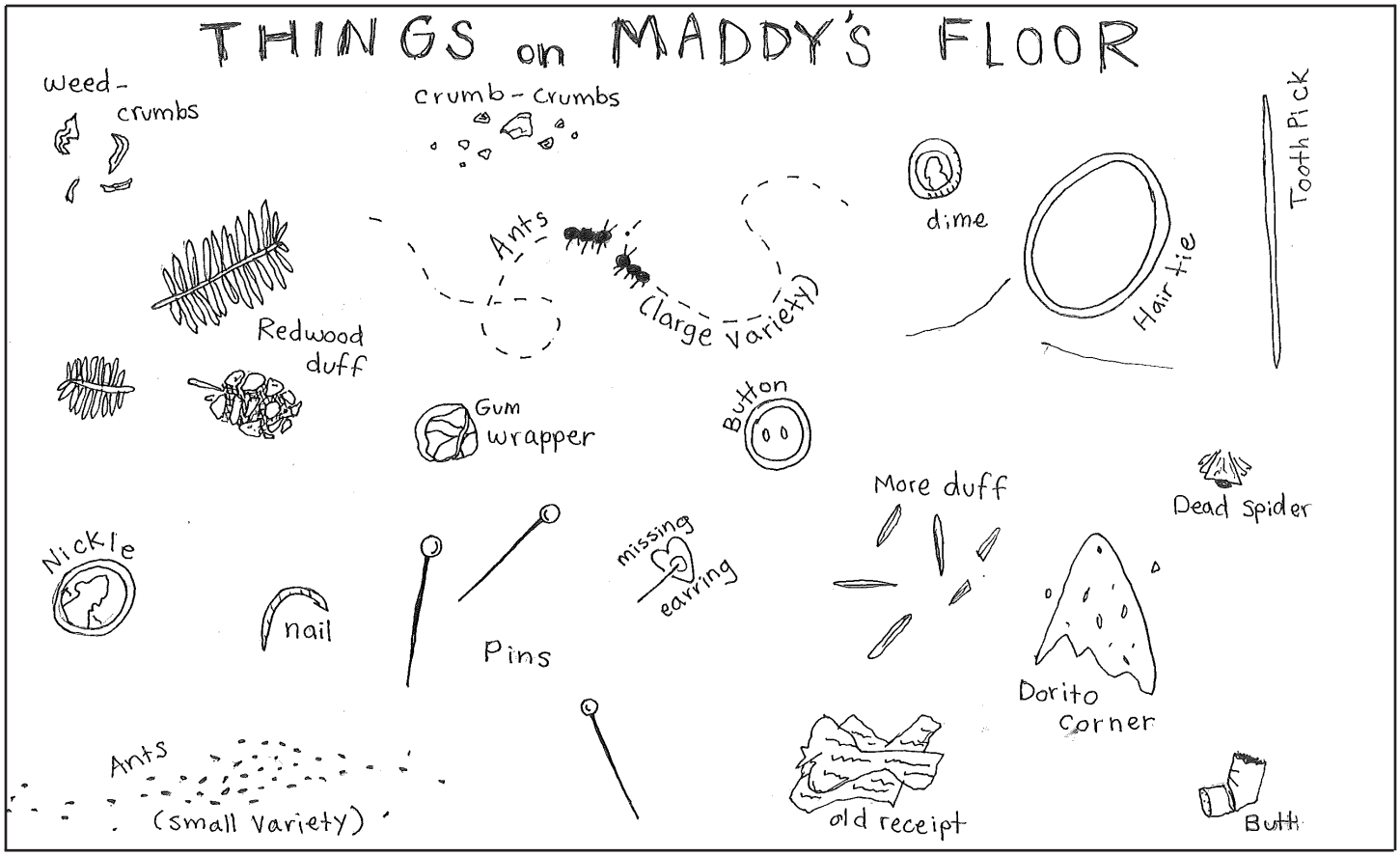
The Impossibly MUNDANE COMIC

#2

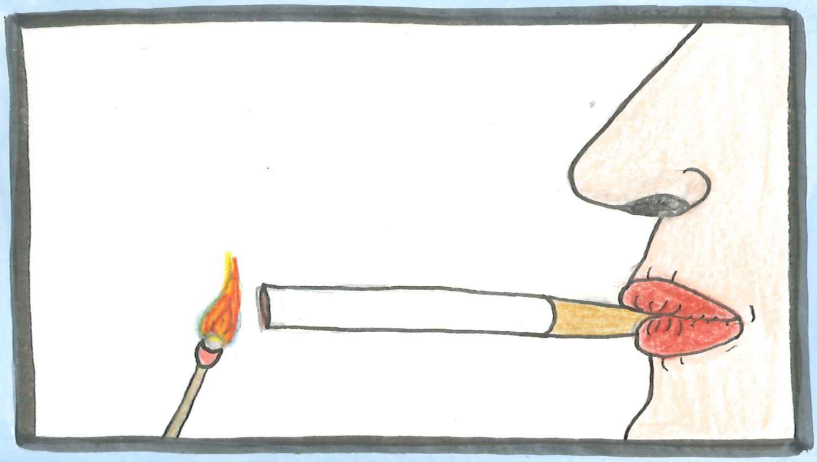
With Willy The Rat

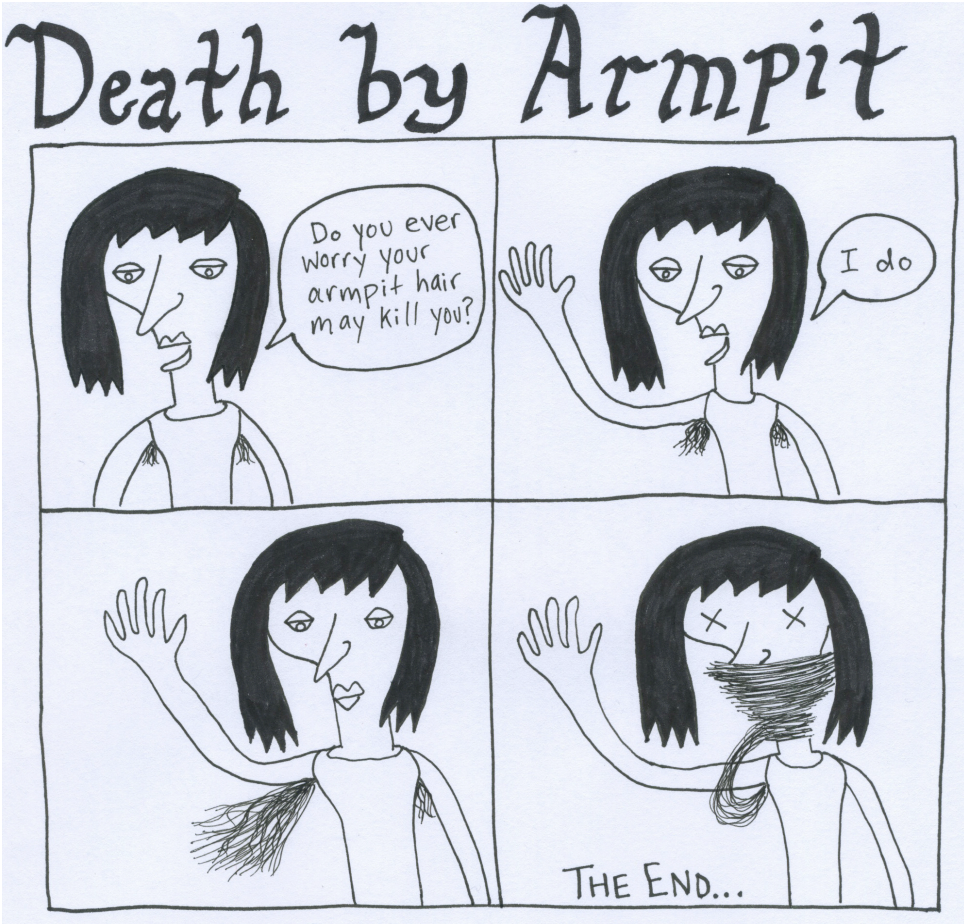
PAUL MAY

I DUNNO COFFE. TOAST CEREAL.
CEREAL
HUH?
THEY DONT SERVE CEREAL.
So because they Don't serve one Item IT isn't Breakfast? They Probably Don't Serve crepes Here Either. Breakfast isn't an all Inclusive set.
we DO serve crepes.
...I'll be Back when you're Ready...
And yet I can NOT Order a Bowl of cereal
NOW is NOT THE TIME FRANK
cereal is a STAPLE of The American Breakfast
You're being a Drunk ass hole Frank. Neither of us wants TO Be Here.
NO! I WANT Break fast! NOT This masquerade! This is Brunch!
I can and will leave you Here.
Do you Have cereal AT your APartment?
yes Frank, I Do.
FIN.

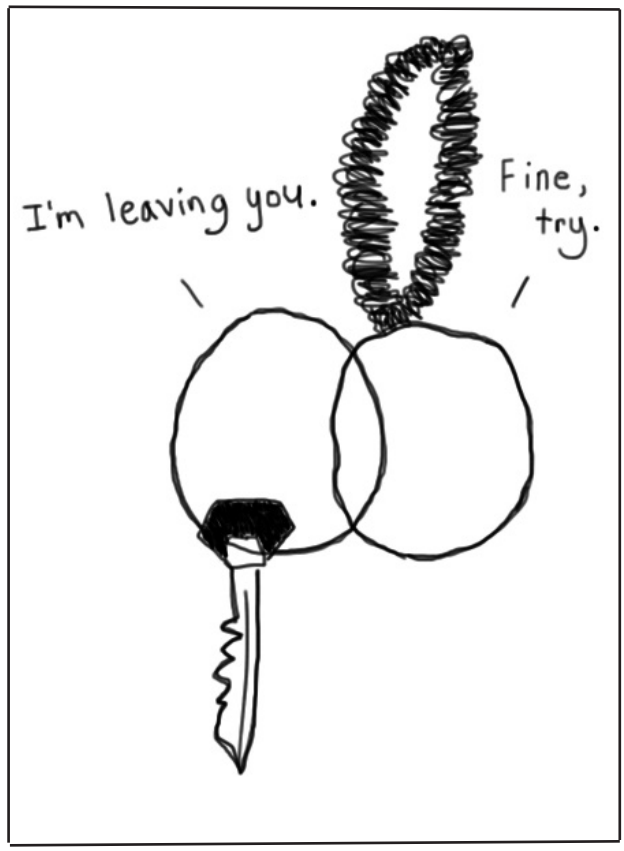


MADDY CORICH





Harmony Reynolds

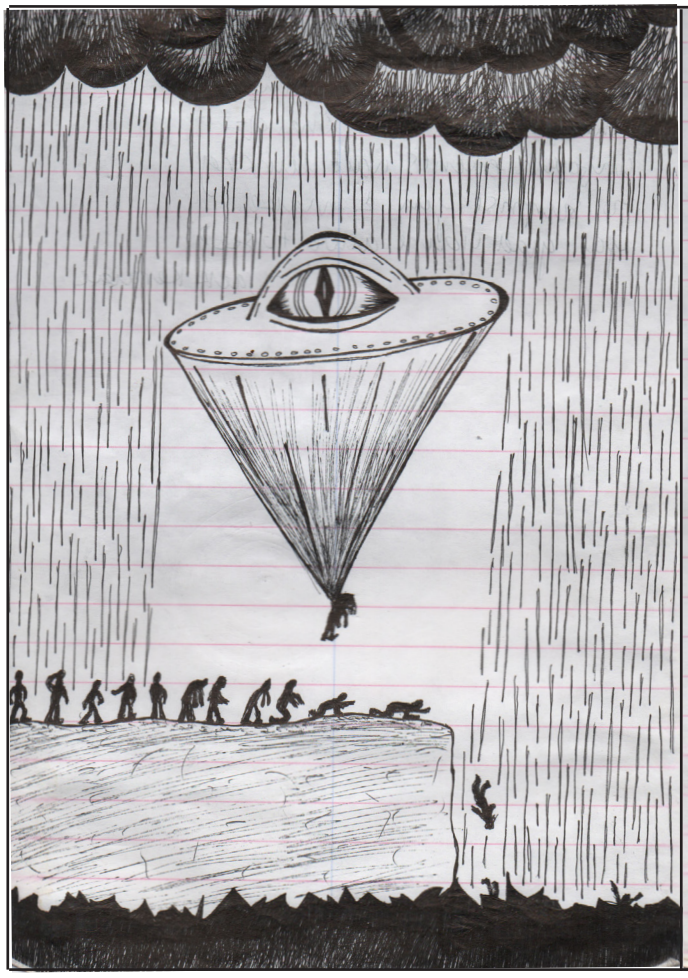


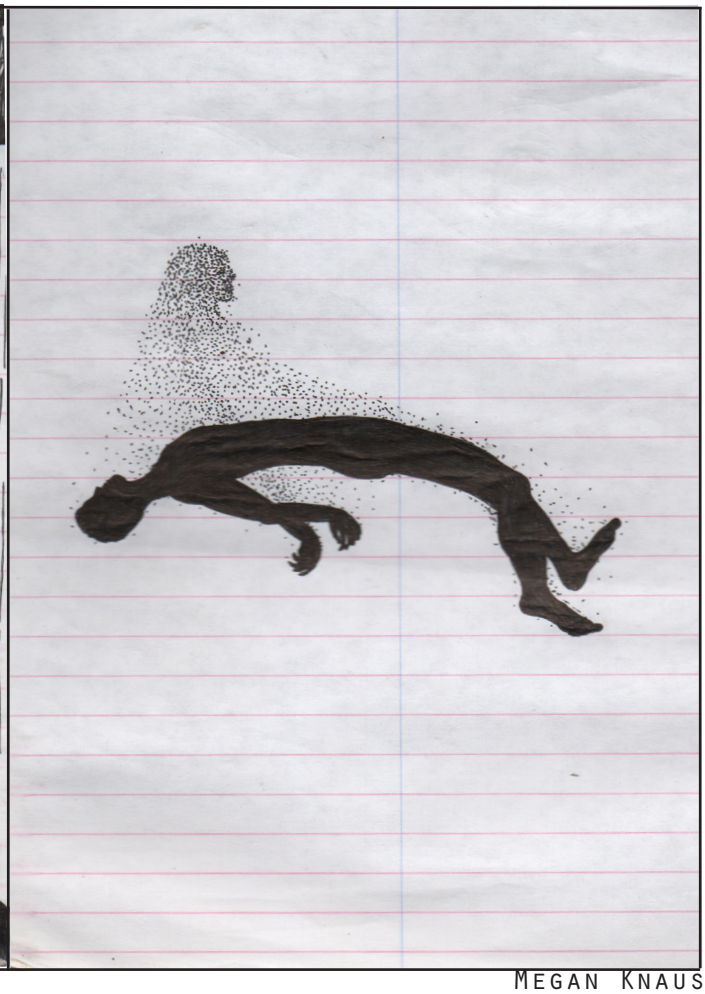
Phillip Grabrecht

camping
boy is camping fun!
come on in!
SNELLY

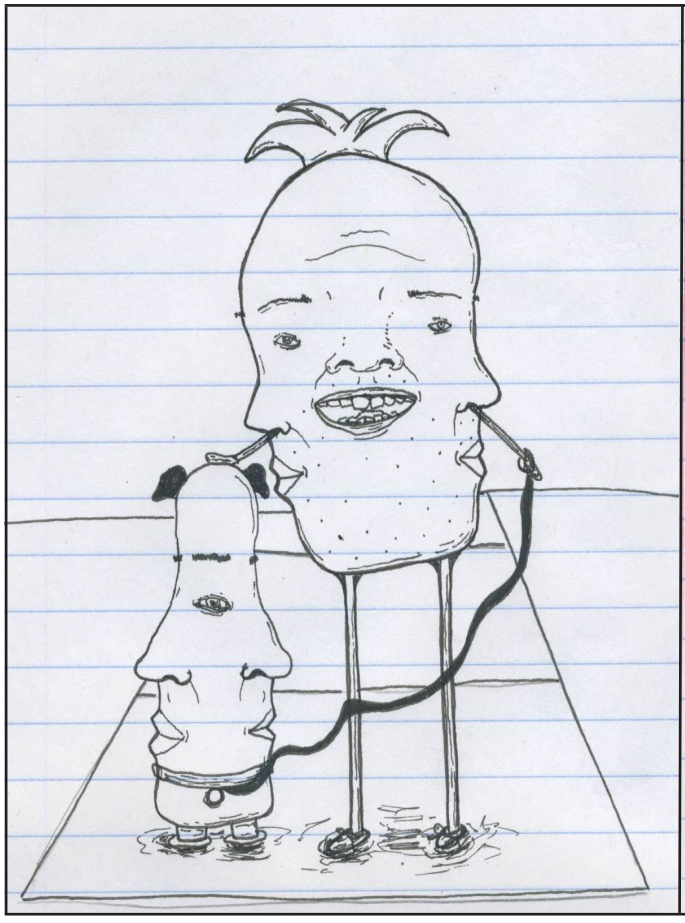
OH, BUT is There A law STATing That All PEASENT BOYS HAVE TO HAVE BOWL CUTS?
No. I don't Think So.

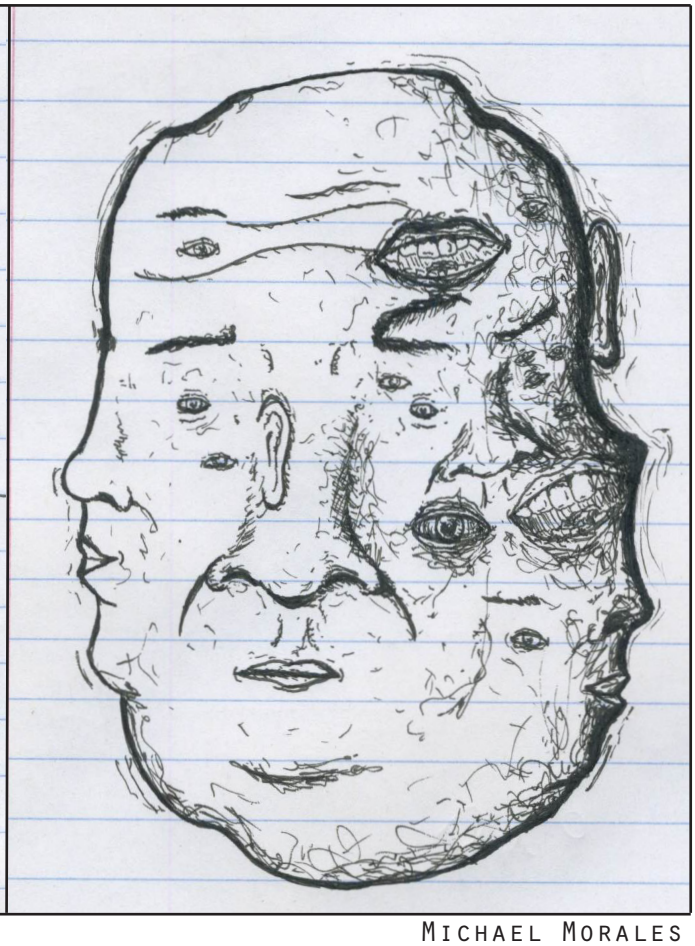
PAUL MAY





Megan Knaus



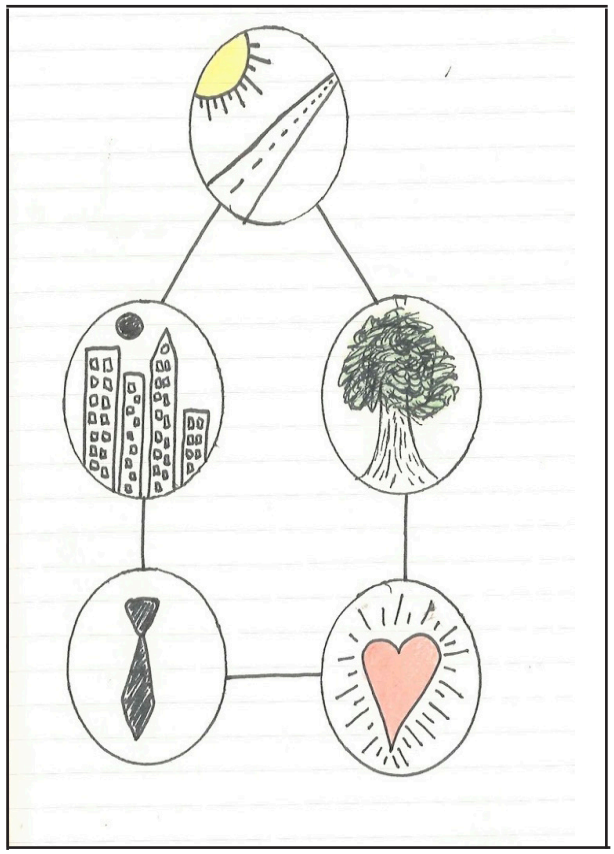


Michael Morales

Anthropmorphic Utensils Discover Nihilism

Emelia Austin

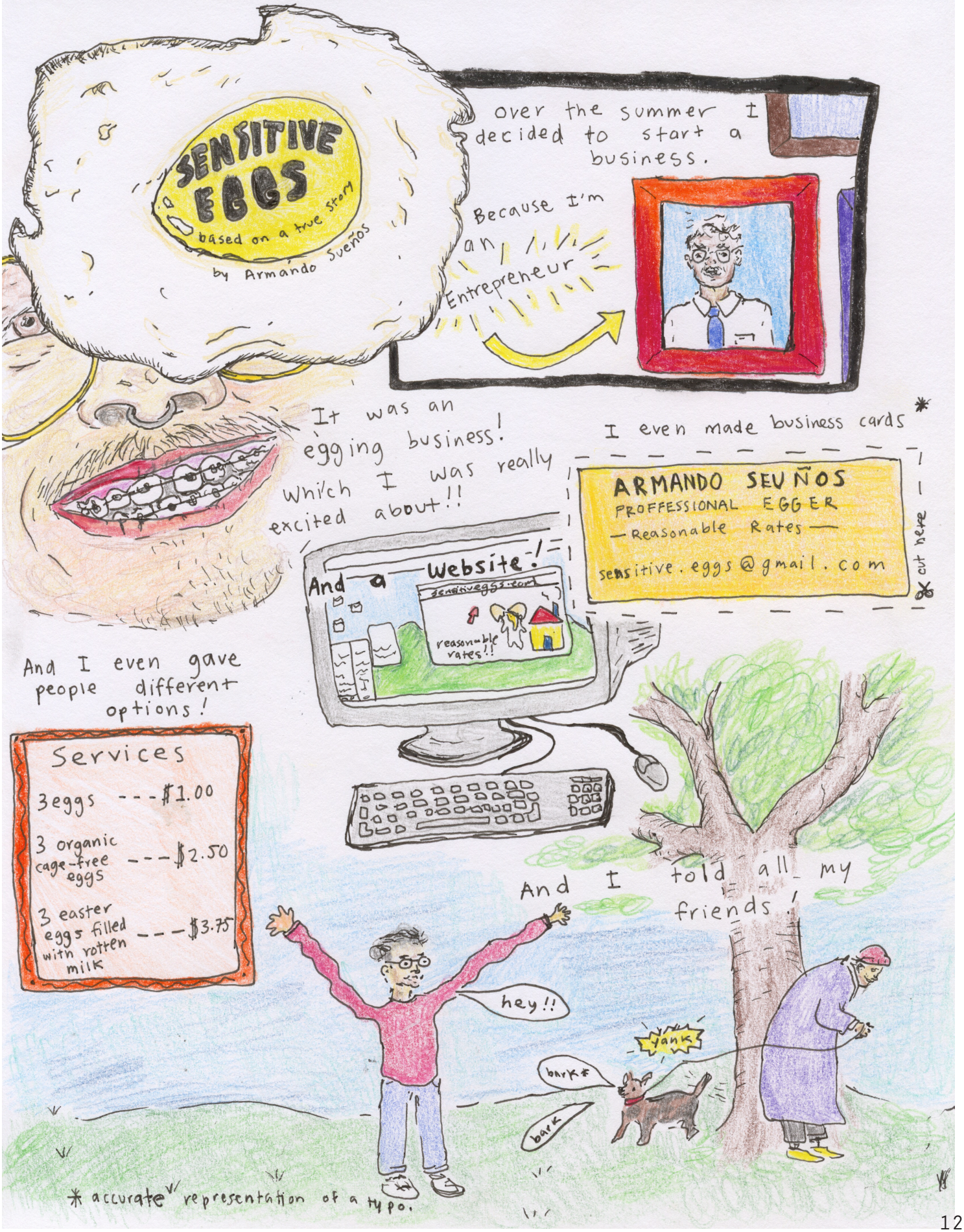
Katie Silva-Grizzle

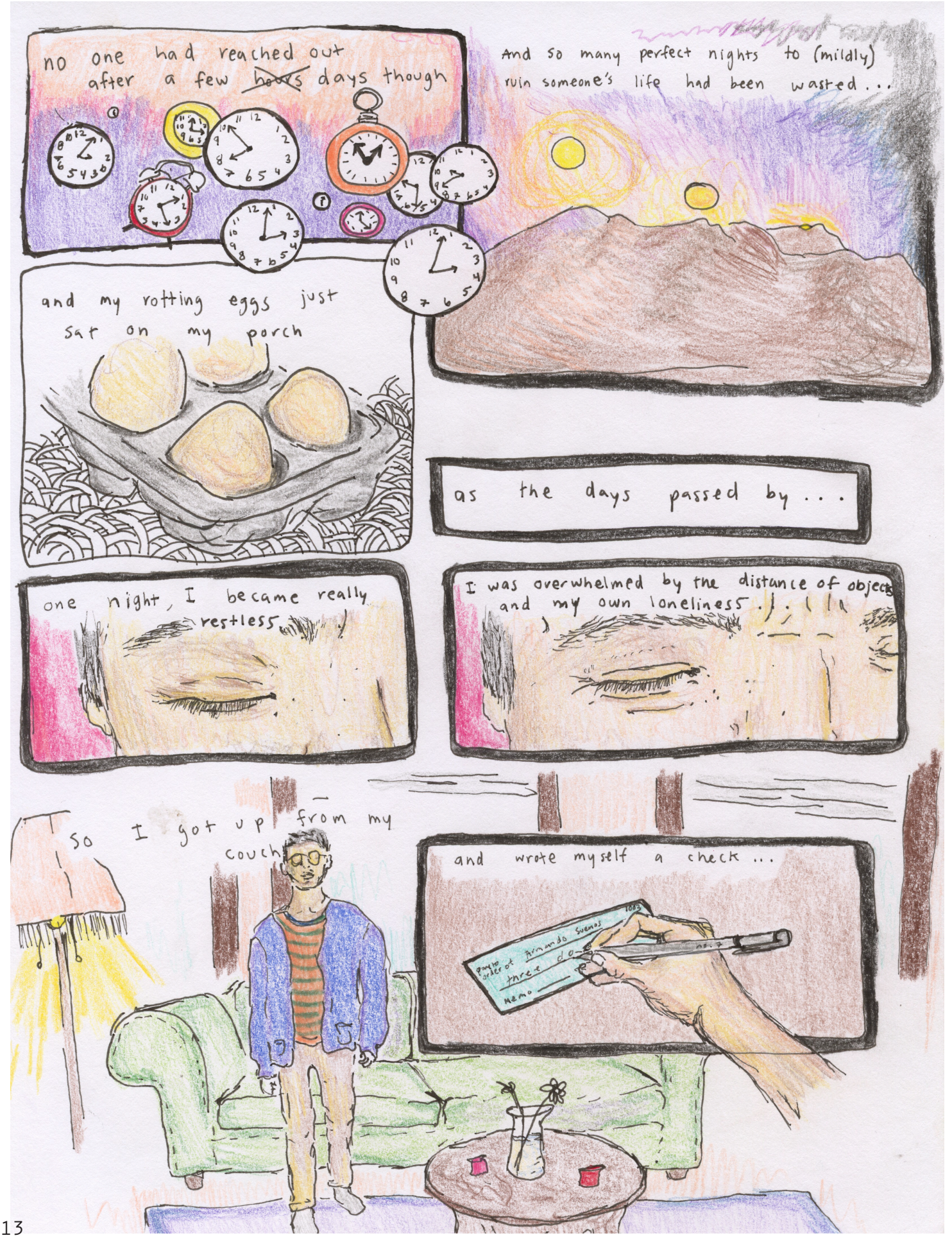


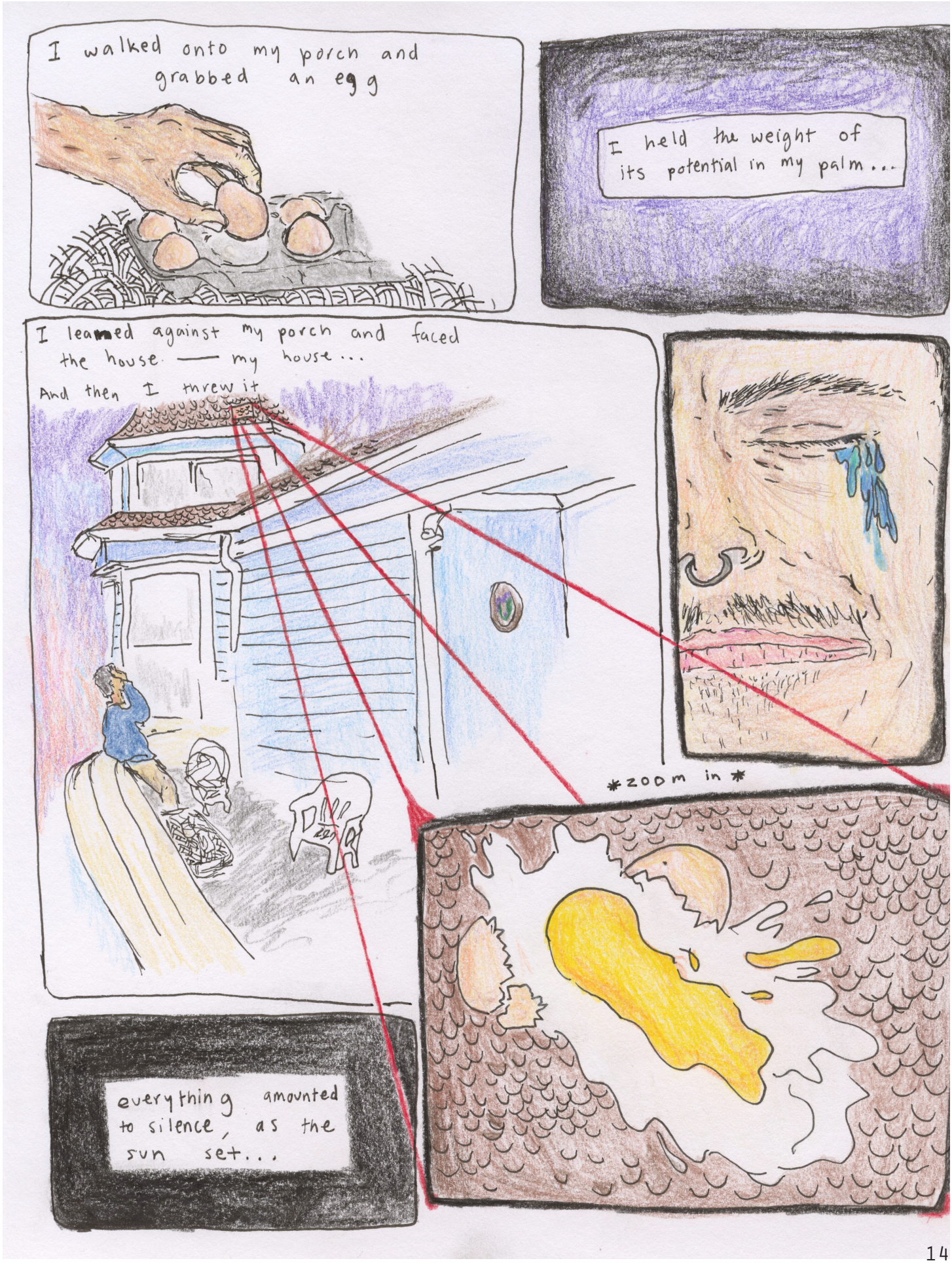
Connor Whalen

Lindsey Donahue

Claire Stoner


SENSITIVE EGGS
based on a true story
by Armando Sueños
over the summer I decided to start a business.
Because I'm an Entrepreneur
It was an egging business! Which I was really excited about!!
I even made business cards *
ARMANDO SEUÑOS
PROFFESSIONAL EGGER
— Reasonable Rates —
sensitive.eggs@gmail.com
cut here
And a Website!
sensitiveeggs.com
reasonable rates!!
And I even gave people different options!
Services
3 eggs ---$1.00
3 organic cage-free eggs ---$2.50
3 easter eggs filled with rotten milk ---$3.75
And I told all my friends!
hey!!
yank
bark*
bark
* accurate representation of a typo.


no one had reached out after a few ~~hours~~ days though
And so many perfect nights to (mildly) ruin someone's life had been wasted...
and my rotting eggs just sat on my porch
as the days passed by...
one night, I became really restless
I was overwhelmed by the distance of objects and my own loneliness...
So I got up from my couch
and wrote myself a check...
Pay to order of
Armando Suenos
three
Memo


I walked onto my porch and grabbed an egg
I held the weight of its potential in my palm...
I leaned against my porch and faced the house — my house...
And then I threw it
zoom in
everything amounted to silence, as the sun set...

I AM THIS CHORIZO BREAKFAST BURRITO.

By Maddy Corich

I am this chorizo breakfast burrito.
Chorizo, eggs, beans, salsa, no cheese.

I am this chorizo breakfast burrito, warm and delicious.
People wolf me down too quickly, and you better bet they regret it.

I hurt people this way.
I don't come with a pepto-bismol - maybe I should.
I mean you should have known
what you were getting into
when you ordered me.

You said out loud "I would like the chorizo breakfast burrito"
and they fucking gave it to you. Don't complain now.

Forgive me for my eratic poetry style.
Burritos don't take naturally to the language arts.
I am good at being warm, but then again
I don't even really know how good I am at that - I think the foil helps a lot.
Flavor wise I'm decent, but I don't even have cheese.
A talentless burrito?
Sad, but blameless.

I am this chorizo breakfast burrito.
I am messy.
I get all over everything. I'm sticky, unhandable.
This burrito doesn't care what it stains.

Fuck your face, and your shirt, and your stupid pants. seriously.

Clumsy with people's stomachs and hearts.
This burrito wants what it wants.
And I want to feel good - I want to be good.
Alas, I am just a burrito.

I am this chorizo breakfast burrito. You claim it sucks when I am gone. Yeah fine.
But it's your fault you ate too damn quickly, okay?

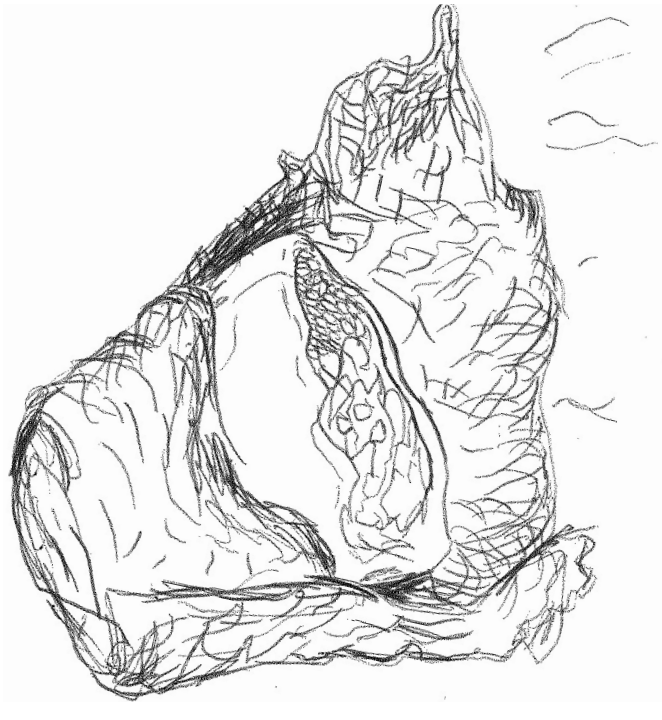
I am this chorizo breakfast burrito.
I feel powerless, heavy, soggy.
Just fucking unwrap me already.

I get the distinct feeling people want more from me.
I am not full of vegetables.
I am not healthy.
I may give you cancer.
I am a pound and a half of fats and carbs.
The guacamole is not free.
I'm a burrito.
Never claimed to be anything more.
People don't really get it.

I am this chorizo breakfast burrito.
I am greasy. Borderlining on unpleasantly so.

Should probably only be eaten late late at night.
This is not a middle of the day food; I am not a middle of the day burrito.
I ain't a burrito you take to family supper.
Enjoyed best when fucked up?
Possibly.
I wouldn't know (I'm just a burrito).

I am this chorizo breakfast burrito.
I am too much. Just smooth the grimy foil back over that shit and wrap it up for later.
Maybe you'll get to it. Most likely you'll just end up throwing it away.
Whatever. It was only $6.



Dante Yardas

I just wanna see the light
I've been stuck in total darkness
for 9 hours

NINE HOURS

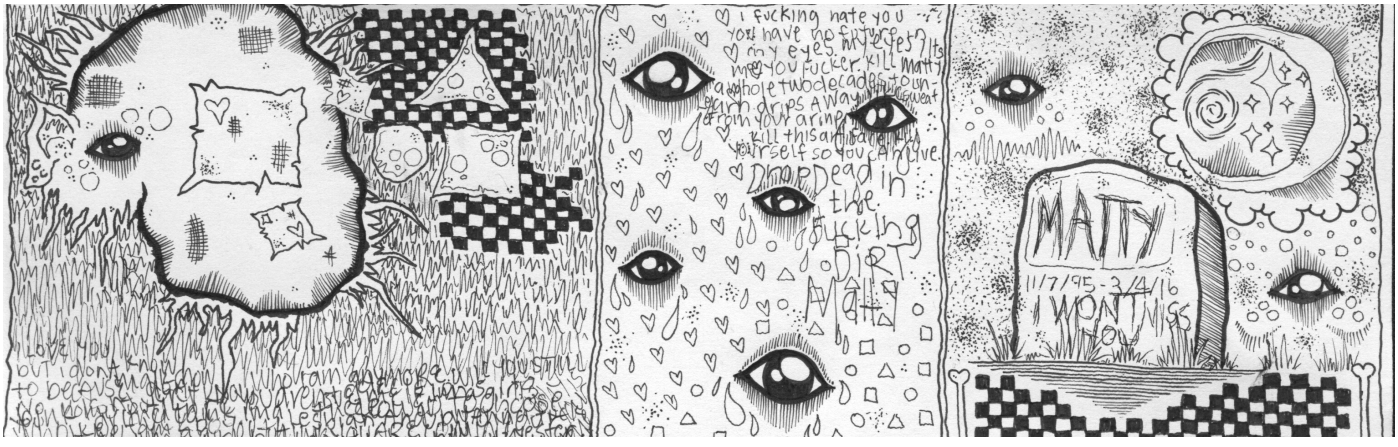
i try to tell her to smoke a cigarrette
and drink a warm cup of coffee
but shes still asleep... fast, fast asleep

Wake up, I nudge her, wake up, wake
up... "I'm done being stuck in
here!"

Whats that? You want to sleep in?
Not today... i break into
100 little peices... i jump,
i rumble... i'm getting stinkier
i let out a loud scream, ...
FINALLY... that woke her up
now she realizes.....
without joe she runs to the white
throne AND OUT I CONE! all
broken into a hundred little pebbles
i look up at her and she looks down at
me and flushes me away to the
sea, finally i am free!

Yunis Silver

PAUL MAY



ANONYMOUS

A RED PEN

by Phillip Garbrecht

I got back from the bathroom and found my red pen crackled! I think that's the right word, crackled. You know, when the plastic shell is just a bunch of slivers loosely connected around the ink tube? Like a vampire bit into it. You know, daytime vampires, the ones that are different from other vampires? Stronger? Not just pretty faces? That crackled. Yeah, that must be why everyone is gone, too. Daytime vampires came in the middle of the eighth grade Don't Do Drugs assembly and everyone was eaten. It's a shame, the Principal was going to announce at the end of the assembly which eighth grader won the "intergalactic best day ever" from the raffle survey about drugs. I filled out the raffle survey, but looks like no aliens are coming. No one's even here… It's 1:30… Should I take my red pen and go home early or just stay at the school and look at it? It was my red pen after all. Hylee gave it to me in first grade. I even used it to fill out the raffle survey. This day is just the worst… I could put the ink tube in another pen case and still use it. Or I could make some art out of it maybe. Only problem is it would be really sticky on my hands for the whole walk home... I don't know… but it's from her. Okay, I'll pick it up.

After picking it up, I regret everything. It's over. Accept it! What do I want this thing for? What if there's mercury or Vampire Herpes in this ink? It's all over my hands! Why did I do this? I don't want it anymore. But I already picked it up… oh, why me? I guess I should just deal with the sticky hands feeling and just walk home already. Or, I could drop it. Yeah, drop it, then I'll decide if I really want it or not! If I pick it up again, it's meant to be. Okay, I'll drop it.

Aah! What's this?! It's stuck on my hand! This is inconceivable, really. The pen is stuck to my hand. I don't think I could have prepared for this. I thought I would have time to think in this process. I just want it gone. Go away. Please. This sort of thing just doesn't happen. What is this ink, alien technology or something? Here, I'll just bend down and scrape my palm across the sidewalk curb. Yes, it will be okay. Wait… no! What if I cut my palm? The ink could get in my bloodstream and then I'd really be screwed. Yeah, like that documentary on yesterday about inmates that cut designs into their skin and trace the wounds with sharpie to make tattoos. Yuckk! I don't want this in my body. None of this was supposed to happen to me. All of this over a stupid pen! Why? Why! Okay, I am in control. Just stop and think about what to do next.

There is nothing to do next. All the bathrooms are closed! I live three miles away, where am I going to get a sink and some tissue paper around here? There's no way I can use the convenience store bathroom without paying for something. I don't have my wallet with me, I'm poor anyways, that's why Hylee will never go out with me I'm sure. I'm in eighth grade. I don't make money and I live three miles away. That's right! Home… I just have to walk home.

Okay, so I'll walk home but I sure hope there aren't any accidents or anything like that at the intersections. It would be just the worst if I had to wait around because police questioned me because they saw me at the stoplight and they were suspicious because I had red on my hands and the car that crashed had a lot of money in it and the driver wasn't killed in the crash but was lying dead on the ground. That would be just the worst. Really. But it won't happen like that.

Alright. It feels good to walk. Just a simple thing. Just movin' my feet. Startin' on the way I need to go. Oh… I'm so hungry. I thought you weren't supposed to feel other things when you're in pain. I'm in pain, aren't I? I think people in pain talk to themselves. I'm still talking to myself even if it's in my mind. I'm so hungry…

Well… I guess it's an emotional sort of pain. That's worse really. There's no one like her, she's the Principle's daughter. I guess I still haven't gotten over her. I gave the card to her upside down because I was so nervous, and she put it under her butt because it rained earlier and the lunch table was still wet. The whole lunch she poked me and drew on me with her different colored pens, like always. The letters were squashed by her wet Hylee butt. But Hylee still saw P-R-O-M-? when she picked up the card and handed it back to me at the bell. Right?

Okay, here's the first crosswalk. Don't get hit by a car. That would be the worst… Hit by a car after picking up this poison stick that looks like a defected string of cheese that was thrown into the factory trash chute and grew really hard and really stale. That would be the worst, getting hit by a car after— *Splat!*

Of all the things… I got hit by an egg. Not a car. An egg... I'm not even mad. Haha! I don't know how this happens. Are there kids behind that wall over there? Oh wait… it's dripping down my neck collar… I'd better get to the other end of this crosswalk. Awwhh, it feels so cold.

Fwwhmp!

Uuuh. What happened? Did I? I got hit by a car. Great... I mean no, this is really, really horrible! It feels like no big deal but it's really bad! I could have internal bleeding or something. Whatever car hit me isn't here anymore. It's a hit and run. Look at all those people on the sidewalk. They're staring at me. They probably think I'm dead. Am I dead? I hope not. Who's that running over from the sidewalk? Oh, no…

"Justin! Justin! Are you okay?"

"Hh, Hylee. I, I'm okay. See?"

Quick idiot, smile.

"Justin stop!"

"Stop smiling? Am I that ugly?"

"Stop moving your lips right now!"

"I've had enough of this. I'm getting up. I'm going home. Goodbye, Hylee. I don't think I really ever liked you anyways. I don't think I can know who I like in eighth grade… No. no. Who am I kidding? I like you, Hylee. But you don't like me. That's why we are never going to Eighth Grade Prom."

"Justin, stop!"

"No, you stop, Hylee. I've been hit by an egg and then by I don't even know what kind of car and you start caring when there's what, blood coming out of my nose? Yeah I feel it dripping down right now. It's certainly not as cold as salmonella egg dripping down your spine after a long day of catching Vampire

Herpes and the person you like screaming at you because you're ugly and you might be disabled too but you still.have.to.walk.home. It is not that cold, Hylee."

"Justin, you won."

"…What?"

"Justin just stand still, and let me kiss you."

"This? What? I won? What?! This. This. This—"

Kiss

"Hylee, where are we? Hylee? I don't see the road anymore. I don't see anything anymore. I just see waves of color and bright white dots. We're not on Earth anymore. This would be just the best day ever if we weren't on Earth anymore. It's just a dream, huh…"

"No, it really is the best day ever, Justin. In all the galaxy."

"So I won the Eighth Grade Don't Do Drugs raffle?"

"Oh, no, some other kid won that. But I decided to take you."

"What, so you're an alien?"

"And a vampire."

"An alien vampire…"

"A vampire alien. This is all real, see?" *fwhhp*

"Ow! Why'd you stab me with another red pen?"

"This pen tells me your tolerance for space fish. You are compatible with all seventy trillion varieties of intergalactic sushi, Justin. I ate the whole school so there wouldn't be any witnesses and I could take you. But I'm still pretty hungry. We'll be stopping at the restaurant momentarily. Afterwards is the intergalactic Prom. Are you ready?"

"Me. I mean. Yes. I mean. Wow."

"Great, watch the ship while I change. If you look, I'll eat you."

"Hylee, why me?"

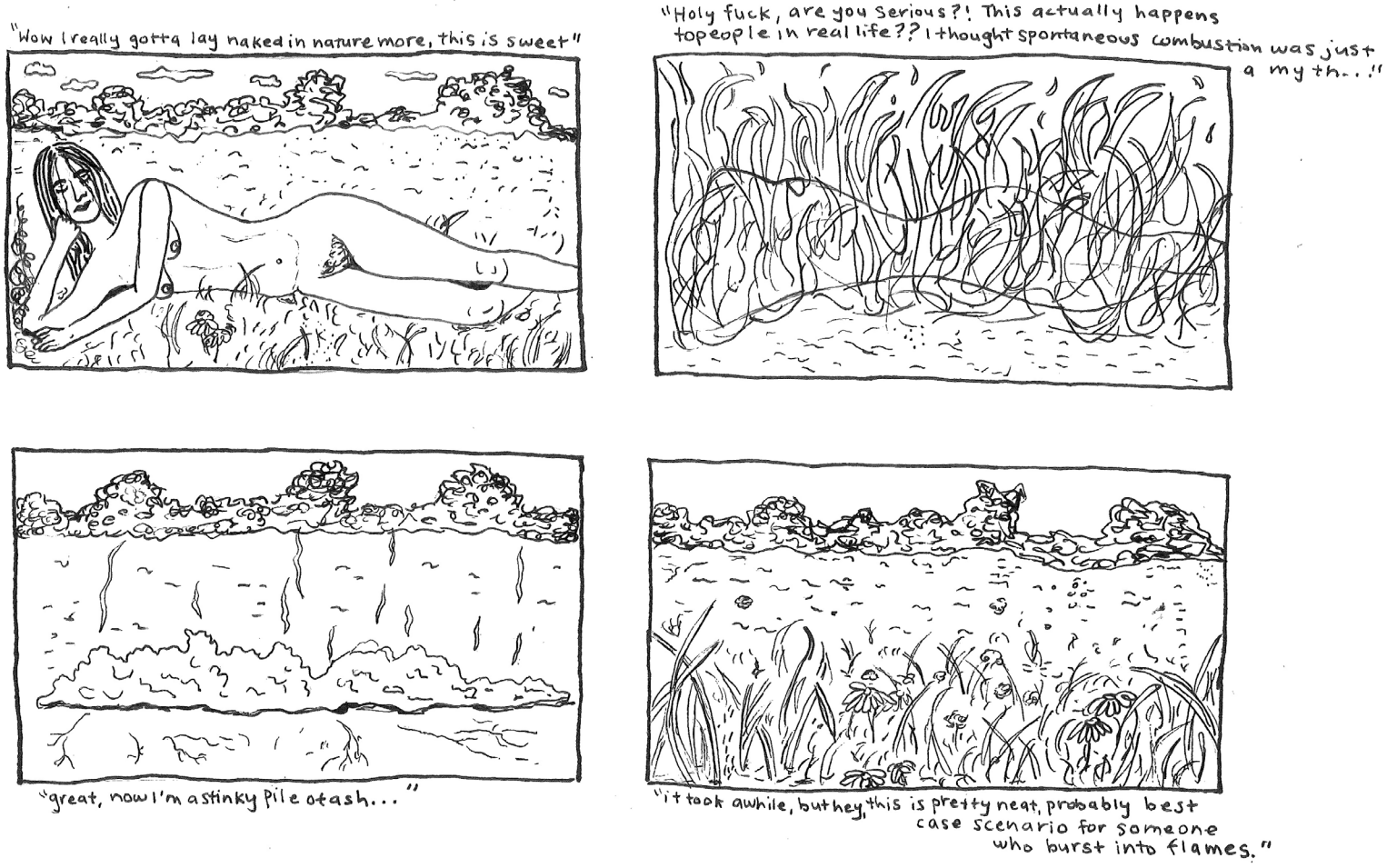
"Well it's not just you, I'd eat anyone who sneaks a peek."

"No, I mean… why me?"

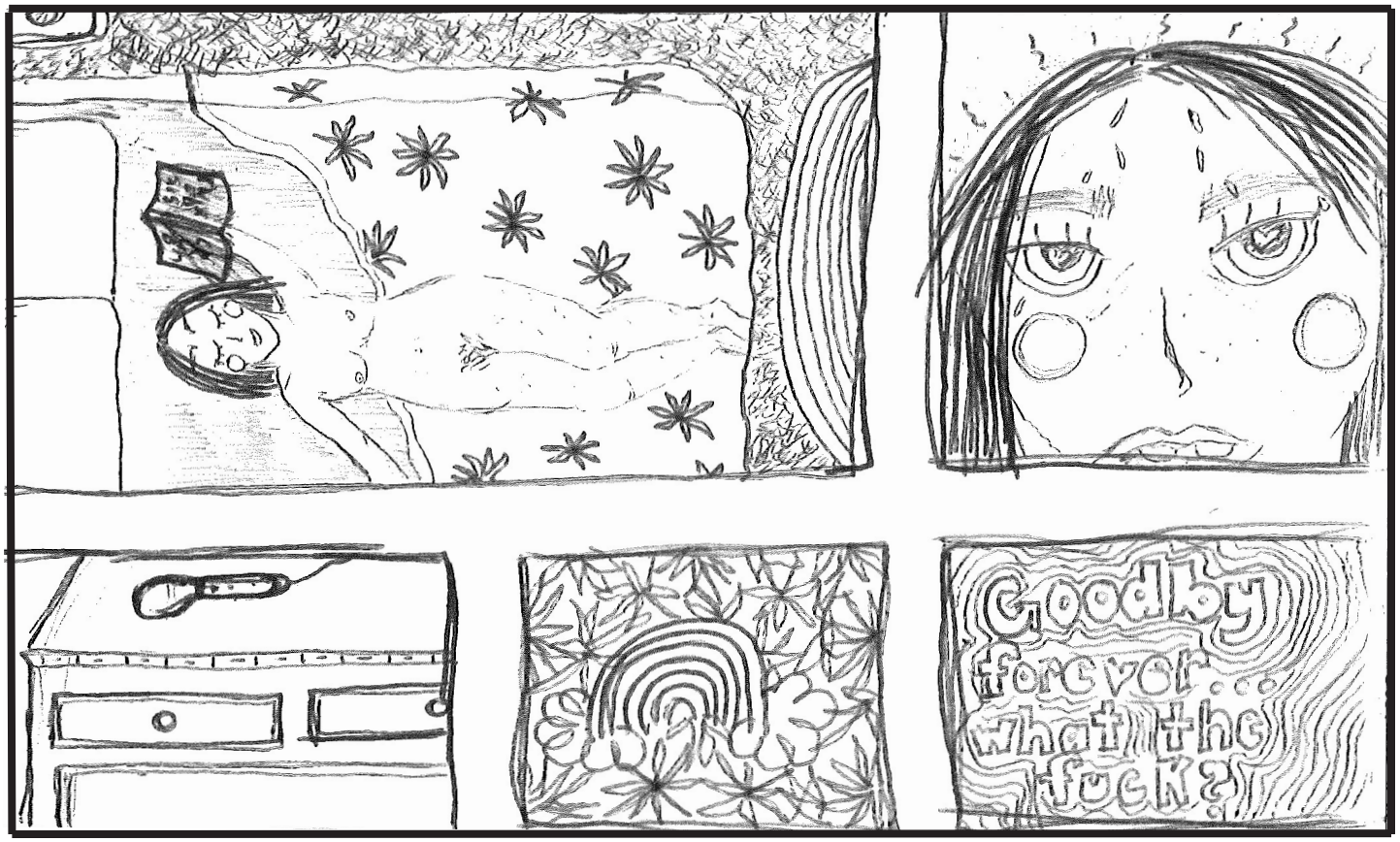
"Because it's eighth grade. Because you kept my pen since first grade. Because it's you."

"Which one?"

"Because."



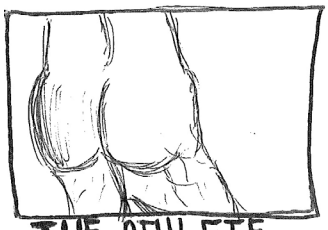
LUCY ASHTON



YUNIS SILVER

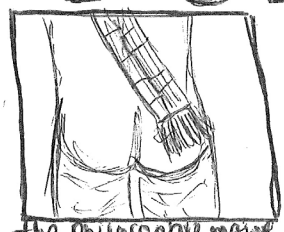
University of BUTTS

A PLACE for all BUTTS

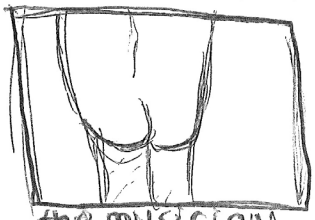


THE ATHLETE

a Greek representative

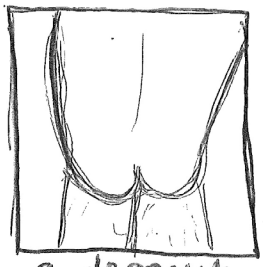


the Philosophy major

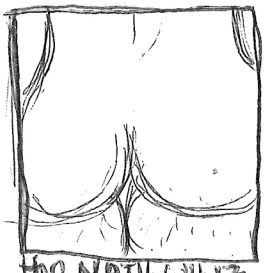


the musician

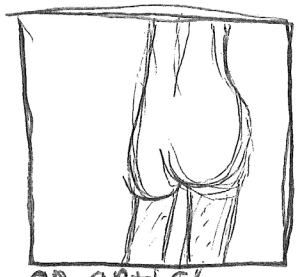
A political person



a dropout



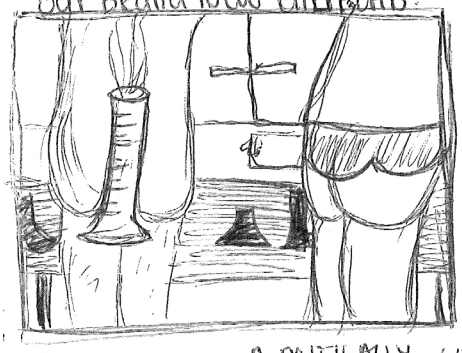
the MATH WHIZ



an artist

AT UB, WE SUPPORT A DIVERSE COMMUNITY OF ASS IN ORDER TO STRENGTHN OUR MISSION TO PROVIDE A HIGHER EDUCATION TO ALL PASSIONATE BUTTS. TAKE A LOOK AT OUR SHINING FACILITIES:

OUR brand NEW CHEM LAB:

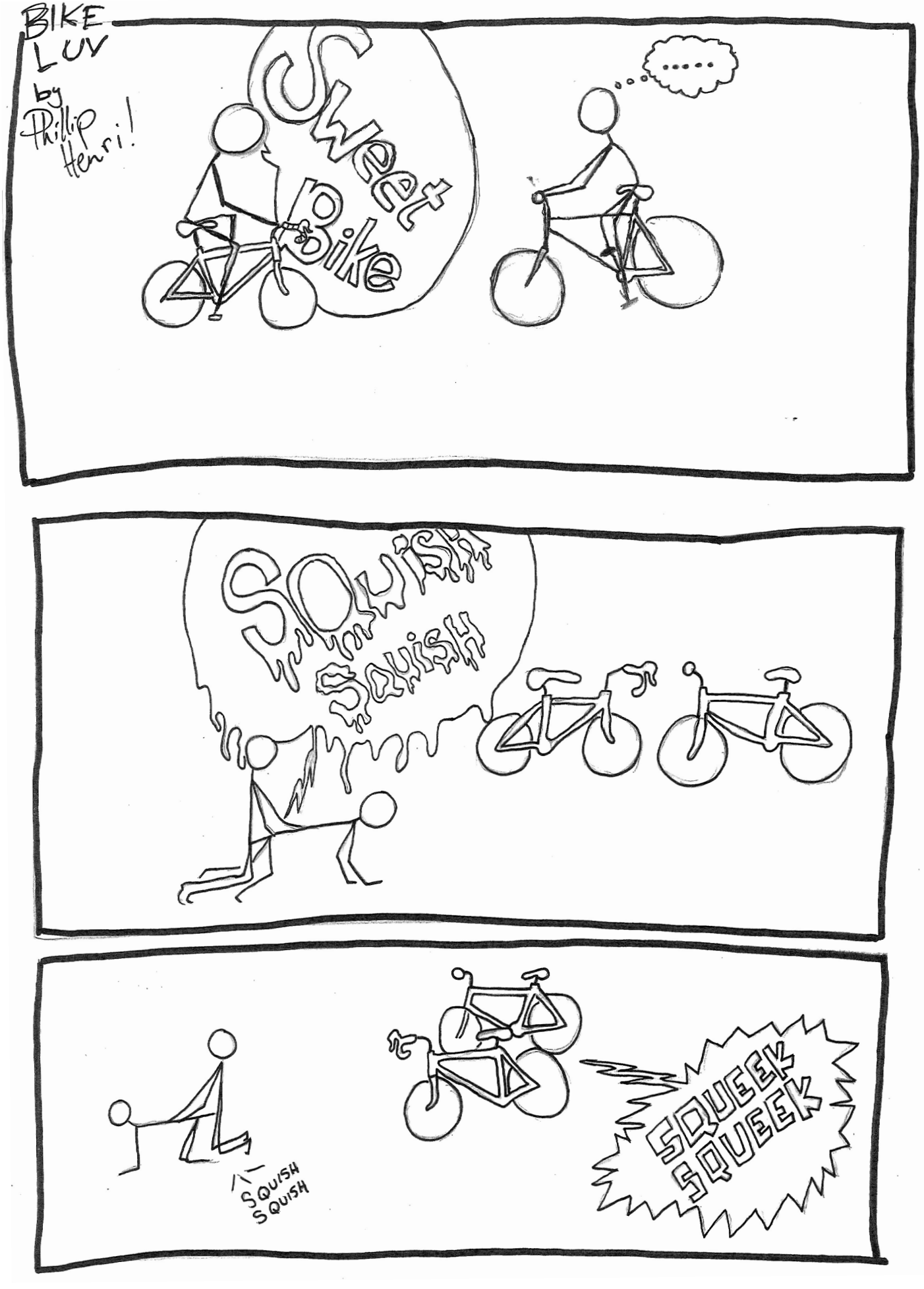


an artistic CELLO (full of FREE spirits)

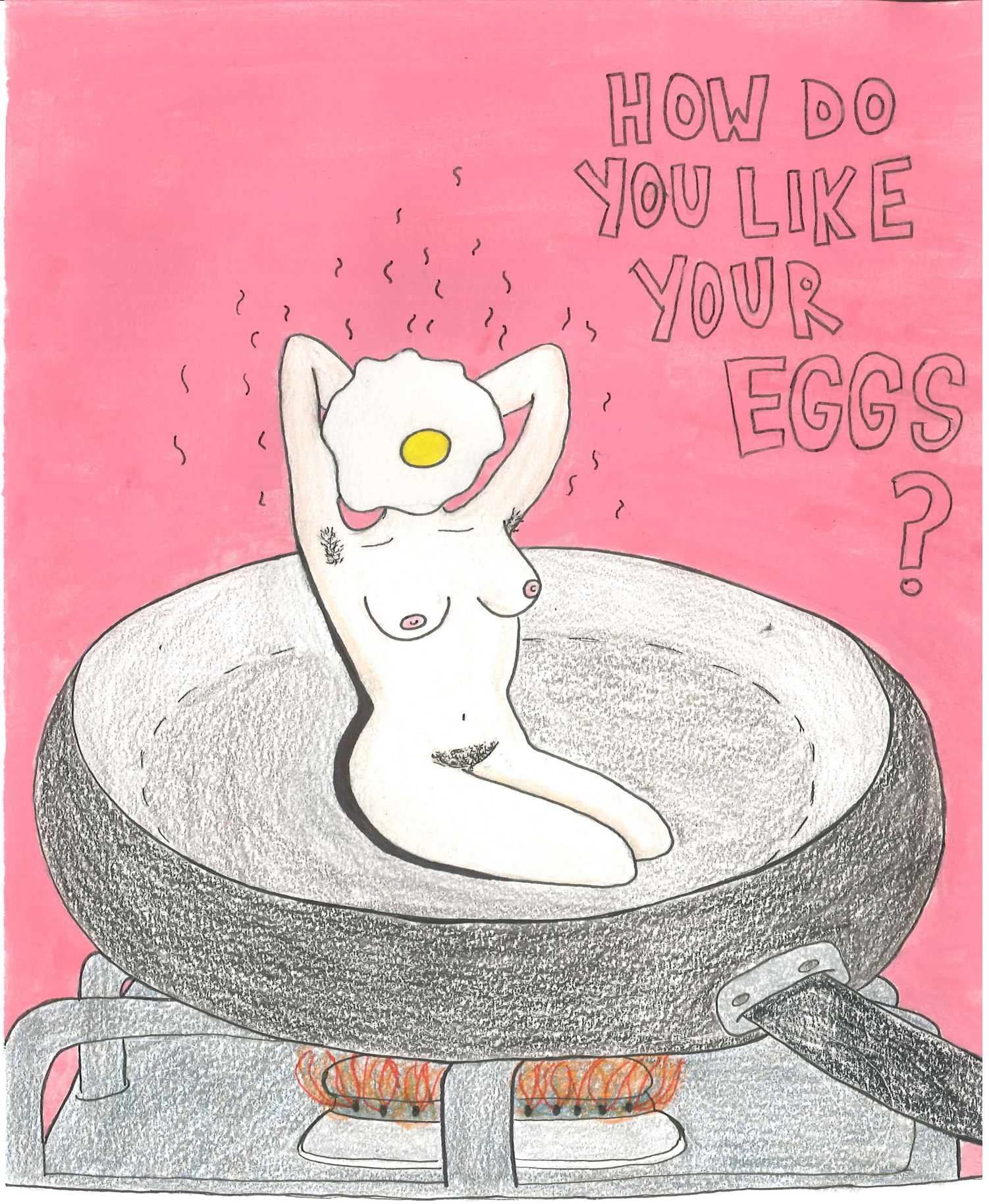
A POLITICALLY CONCIOUSS CAMPUSES

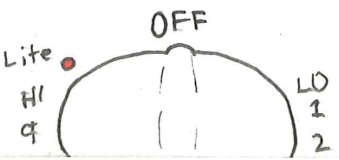
A NEW LIBRARY

YUNIS SILVER


BIKE LUV
by Phillip Henri!
Sweet Bike
.....
SQUISH SQUISH
SQUISH SQUISH
SQUEEK SQUEEK

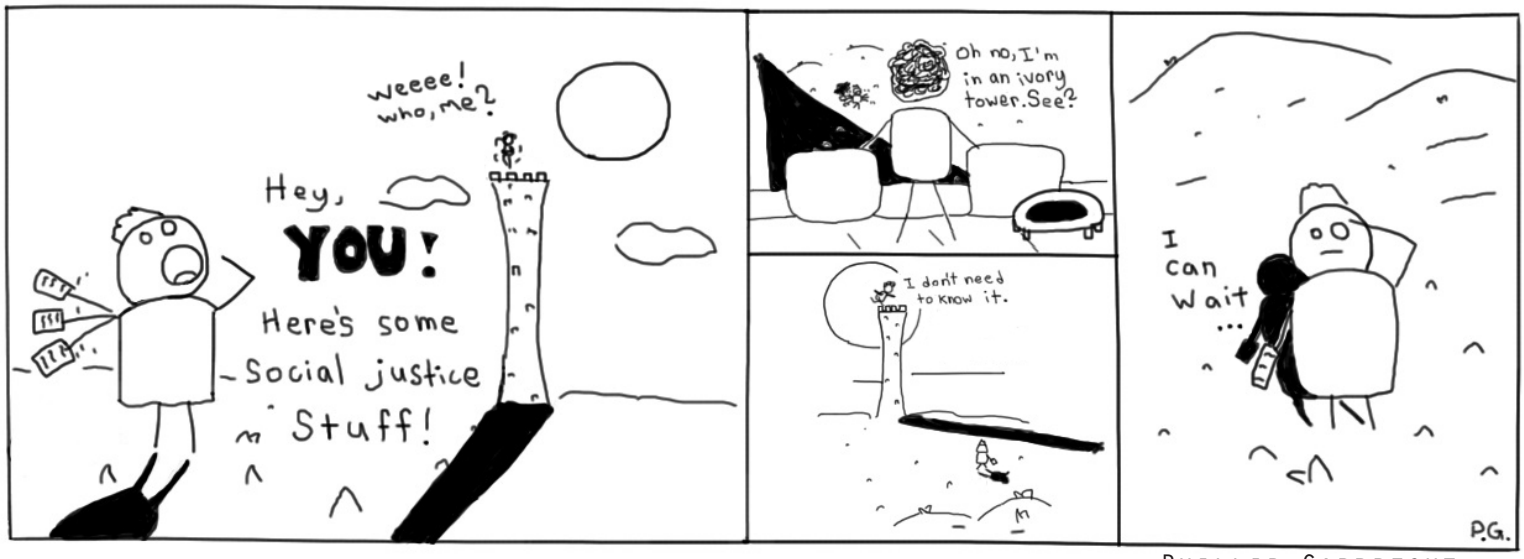
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS?





Emelia Austin

Yunis Silver



Phillip Garbrecht

Soft Hair on Black Holes

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

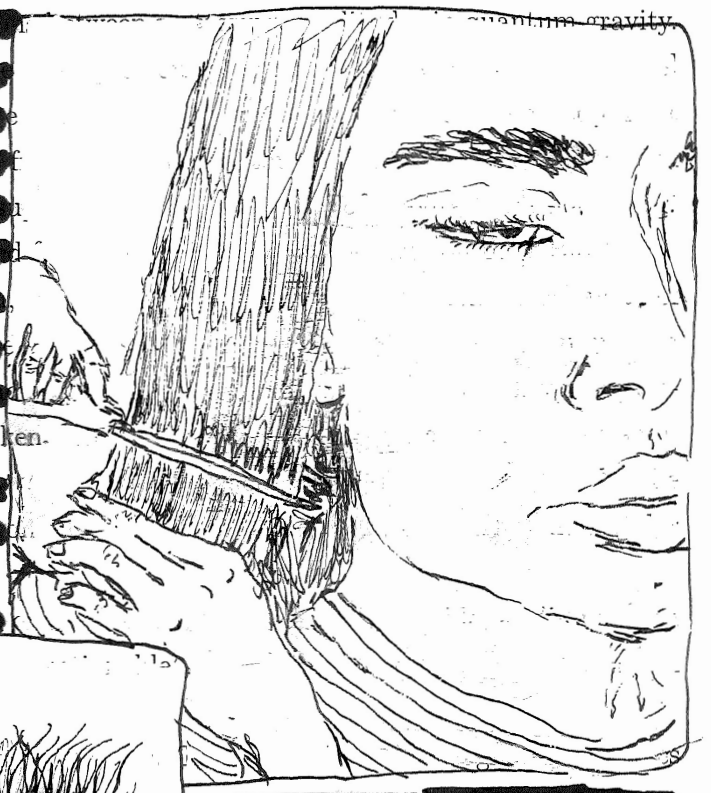
[redacted]

[redacted] recently [redacted] The presence [redacted] This [redacted] black hole horizon, [redacted] a holographic [redacted] future [redacted] horizon. [redacted] an infinite number of [redacted] different soft hair but [redacted] soft hair which is [redacted] in a physically realizable process, [redacted] the horizon [redacted]

Editor's note: This article was originally authored by Stephen W. Hawking, Malcolm J. Perry, and Andrew Strominger and accessed from the Cornell University Library

[redacted] of past and future, [redacted] is [redacted] scattering. The [redacted] infinite number of [redacted] the [redacted] incoming [redacted] at [redacted] the [redacted] outgoing [redacted] at the [redacted] angle. In the [redacted] matrix [redacted] of the [redacted] infinite number [redacted] [7] [redacted] also [redacted] backwards: [redacted]

This exact equivalence [redacted] and the soft [redacted] symmetry is spontaneously broken. [redacted] The [redacted] annihilation of [redacted]



'soft hair'.

[redacted] However [redacted] obviously [redacted]

[1]None of these [redacted] are preferred, and each is annihilated [redacted] in general [redacted]

[redacted] a pixel [redacted] a spatially localized soft [redacted] horizon, [redacted] may be [redacted] a horizon [redacted] or large [redacted] transformation. In a physical setting, [redacted] the pixel is transformed whenever [redacted] The combination of the uncertainty, [redacted] a [redacted] cosmic censorship, requires all [redacted] to be larger than the [redacted] length. [redacted] of soft hairs [redacted] at [redacted] the area [redacted]

It [redacted] could conceivably store *all* of the [redacted] other soft, [redacted] thicker kinds of hair. [redacted] It is an open [redacted] plate. [redacted] we construct [redacted] a black hole, and show [redacted] electric hair on the horizon. [redacted] the null infinity. [redacted]

We briefly conclude. [redacted]

[redacted]

Artwork by Armando Sueños
Blackout Poetry by Brandon Owens

Thanks a bunch to the following people:

Susan Watrous (for guiding us, for keeping us lit)
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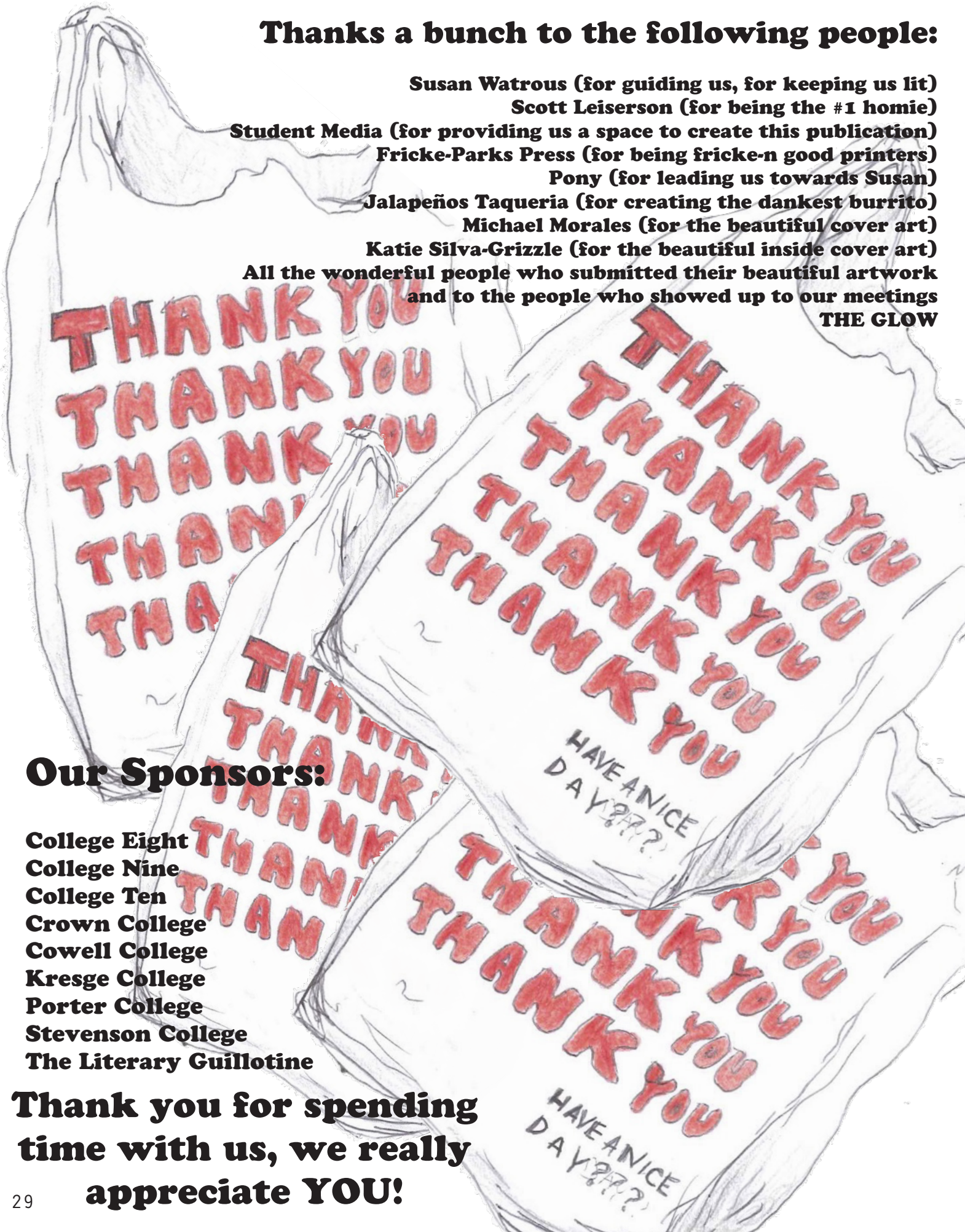
Katie Silva-Grizzle (for the beautiful inside cover art)
All the wonderful people who submitted their beautiful artwork
and to the people who showed up to our meetings
THE GLOW



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